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NO. 43.

WAITING IN HOPE.

Two lovers stray'd beneath a churchyard yew,
Where autumn flocks spread wide to left and right;
Their eyes were brave, and light with hope and thought;
Their eyes deep answer'd deep, in still delight.

The golden corn stood sheaf'd on the land;
A golden eye shot rudely o'er the trees;
The setting sun cast forth his flaming hand,
Of painted clouds and flowers floating with the breeze.

The murmur laden gale with whispering kind,
Went sighing round the twain like softest wind;
The evening's calm came wafted in the wind,
And kiss'd the brows where love's first seal was set.

Green grass lay scattered round the loving pair,
Where poppy-dewer, his head all glowing, rears;
Forgotten graves, once shadow'd by despair,
Now blend with dim dream-land of long-drawn tears.

The church—no more in strong granite stone—
A village church, all try and glow,
Sent out its chimneys in a boiling tone,
And warn'd the lovers of the closing day.

Yet still they sat, hand clasping hand,
And passion's tongue was hoarse with love's refrain;
When twilight droop'd o'er the autumn land,
Wrapp'd its dim mantle round the clinging pair.

Ambitious he, and sighing sore for fame;
His earnest eyes were fix'd upon that gold,
Save when he sought and found an answering flame
Of fervent love within his lover's soul.

She long'd and waited for her lover's face;
In him she breathed, and hoped, and lived her life;
To see the immortal woven with his name,
She would have died, nor sought to be his wife.

Oh, they were poor, those lovers of my tale;
No gold of earth had fallen to their share;
The lover with his right hand held a pen,
And she with hope deferred, and caring care.

His home was in the city, vast and proud,
Where toilers toil for fame, and gold, and bread;
There, "the eager, struggling, striving crowd,"
He work'd and watch'd his love, though oft in dread.

So far the goal where hangs the victor's crown,
So dusty life's highway, so steep the road,
Injustice hound patient under the yoke,
While pride and poverty alternate road!

He was a sculptor, with a poet's mind;
Beneath his hand the marble glow'd with truth,
Beauty with truth and subtlety combined—
Oh, might he not prove famous in his youth?

While life is young, while blood runs red and warm,
While hope beats high and ardor is awake,
While strength of manhood battles with the storm—
Oh, might he not, if he were not so late?

She dwelt among the corn lands and the flowers,
Her father the poor pastor of the place,
And numerous little brethren tax'd her powers;
Her mother long had pass'd in death's embrace.

The red-tipped flower-cups fill'd with dew,
Their wild blooms sway'd in the fresh morning gale,
The shadows deep'd in darker tone,
And told that night was stealing up the vale.

"Another time when we stand here," he said,
"My yonder portals open for thee and me;
Till then, Heaven's grace defend your heads,
My love, my life—my wife that art to be."

He left the village in the early morn,
When silver mist clung round the autumn wood,
And rose as incense o'er the sheafed corn,
Like thankful prayers for harvest rich and good.

The village church, the village dogs, the barn,
The cattle grazing in the open field,
The solemn church tower, and the cheerful farm,
He gazed on all with wistful tender look.

And clinging to his hand to hide his fears,
And gazing on his face with fancy's pencil eye,
The pale, fair girl held back her rising tears,
And spoke of joys on some new dawning day.

Again we gaze upon the village tower;
The autumn wealth is gather'd from the land,
The folded heavens with coming tempests roar,
And wrapp'd in spotless snow the dwellings stand.

The bell sounds o'er the fields; the village street
Is soon astir, though blighting is the air—
What bell? Alas! no pealing cadence sweet,
Chiming of wedding bells, and bridal pair.

It is the touching, mournful, awful sound,
Which speaks of spirits summoned home to God,
Of dearest faces hidden under ground—
Ah! who can stoop and humbly kiss the rod!

And see the sculptor carried to his rest,
Before the field was won, or he could grieve;
The bread to take the maiden to his breast,
Or grasp the gay but thorny crown of fame.

And brood the portals open'd for him now;
Oh, he had striven to write his name on earth;
To find immortals round his sickling now,
And cast a halo o'er his native hearth.

In vain! In vain! now laid in that dread sleep,
Which lasteth till the coming of the Lord,
The loving eyes were closed, and his dear sleep,
The heart to quiver against the two-edged sword.

Oh, his heart died, and rest her weary head;
That pale, fair head, beside her lover fond;
No, she will live her life till youth has fled,
Waiting in hope for the dawn of the beyond.

HUNTERS OF THE CHAMOIS.

The day was beginning to break; a large grayish band stretched across the eastern horizon, and as it advanced towards the zenith, the stars of the night, veiling their modest brightness, extinguished themselves one after another. Soon the hardly visible sun shot up his lines of fire and gave to the rocks which crown the peak of Rawsberg the appearance of a mass of crude gold. The valleys were enveloped in a heavy mist, which was colored with opaline tints by the first rays of the sun. At intervals, the breeze that was springing up made this mist undulate in immense waves, and at times separating them, permitted the black masses of the forests below to be seen.

There were two hunters in the foot-path which winds up the flanks of Rawsberg, both young, both clad in the livery of St. Hubert. But it was only necessary to glance at them, to see that both had not been born in the same rank, and were not called to play the same roll in life. Of medium height, the one who walked in advance was gifted with the vigor and agility which distinguishes the mountaineer; his foot and his leg had the suppleness and the certainty of the foot of the chamois for bounding from rock to rock and making his way on the very verge of the precipice; his complexion, although blond, like that of the greater part of the children of Germany, was bronzed by exposure to the air and the sun's rays. The second personage was tall and slender—too tall and too slender to be vigorous; his hair and his youthful beard were light, and the paleness of his complexion showed that he had breathed the atmospheres of the sunless interior, and that the bracing air of the mountains, and also, the involuntary apprehension against which he struggled near the edge of the precipice, proved that he was more accustomed to tread the carpets of the palace than the rolling stones of Rawsberg.

From time to time the first of the two hunters turned around in order to assure himself that the other was making his way without accident. When, by the frightened look and the nearly drops of sweat on the brow of the latter, he saw that he was likely to be attacked with vertigo, he would go to his assistance, and giving him his hand, enable him to get over the dangerous places. However, as these manifestations of solicitude neces-

sarily multiplied, a smile might be seen on the lips of the leader, indicating a disdain for the weakness of his comrade and a sense of his own superiority. The second was becoming more and more difficult, and more and more perilous. All trace of any passage by man had disappeared. The experience of the first of the hunters was necessary to find a way over the huge boulders which sometimes forced the two men to climb almost perpendicular cliffs over their heads and sometimes to leap from rock to rock over the great crevices which separated them.

After a half hour of these gymnastics, the young man's forces were visibly exhausted, and he panted for breath. In a short, imperious tone of voice, indicating the habit of commanding, he ordered the hunter to halt; and putting down his carbine and discharging himself of the hunting-bag which he wore slung over his shoulder, he seated himself under a projecting rock. "Zounds! Meinher Wilhelm," cried the mountaineer, with a shade of ill humor, "your legs are longer than they are strong. If you were a chamois, you would have leapt the pastures; and you are not exactly fitted to go in search of them after they have retired to take their siesta. Make haste, then, my boy, to catch your breath, and let us proceed."

He whom his companion called Meinher Wilhelm, glanced with surprise at the former, and exhibited an ill-suppressed irritation; evidently he was not accustomed to be treated with such familiarity. "We will start when I give the order," replied he; "and I will give you the order when I find myself sufficiently rested. You asked a frédère d'ore to guide me in search of the chamois; you have your money; the rest concerns only your importance, and we never shall have the pleasure of regaling ourselves on your venison."

"And why not, if you please?" "Because he has gone straight to the Valley of Bode; because he has risked a leap over three miles long, and because, like all those who have attempted it before him, he is at this moment in the gulf. He will be eaten by the fishes of the water, instead of by the eagles of the mountain; for us he is none the less lost."

"And what is the Rosstrapp?" demanded Wilhelm.

"It will not be long before you will have made its acquaintance, and then I will tell you its name. In fact, after they had advanced about one hundred yards, and turned round a huge rock which had masked the horizon, they found themselves suddenly before an immense and seemingly bottomless gorge. It was the Rosstrapp, and because, like all those who have attempted it before him, he is at this moment in the gulf. He will be eaten by the fishes of the water, instead of by the eagles of the mountain; for us he is none the less lost."

"Bah! I knew it at once, by your light and easy walk. And you are an Ensign, at least?" "Pshaw! Lieutenant, then?" "Better still."

"Captain?" "Go on."

"Major?" "But you are still too young to command a regiment," replied the hunter with an air of doubt.

"I had two of them under my command six years ago, when I had the glory of annihilating the armies of the modern Attila, under the walls of Leipzig. But let us leave this subject," added the young man, who was taking a draught from his bottle.

"My name in the army commands you but little. Take a drink of this brandy, which I brought back from the campaign, and let us continue our way."

Raubvogel took the flagon, and was about to raise it to his lips when a peculiar whistling whistle was heard in the distance. Dropping the bottle on the ground, and springing behind the rock which sheltered him, he exclaimed in a voice vibrating with agitation:

"Fall flat on your face, Meinher Wilhelm; flat on your face! Zounds! You were born under a lucky star. There are the chamois coming to us. Stretch yourself out behind that stone, and keep as quiet as the hare when it hears the hunter approaching."

He had not finished speaking, when a herd of seven or eight chamois emerged from a gorge several hundred yards distant, and then stopped. Frightened either by the attack of some larger animal, or by the appearance of another huntsman, they had fled, leaping from rock to rock and promised to pass within short range of our two companions. "Quick! behind his shelter, Raubvogel had already carried his carbine to his shoulder, and was carefully adjusting it, according to the custom of people of his profession: 'Aim at the large male who leads the flock, Meinher Wilhelm,' he the general of the chamois. I will choose another in the rear."

The animals started on again with the rapidity of an arrow, but were almost immediately stopped by a large ravine too wide to be leaped over. In an instant, Wilhelm aimed at the large leader, which had been pointed out to him by his companion and fired. The chamois staggered for a second under the shot, then turning to the left, he bounded away down the side of the mountain, followed by the rest of the herd. Raubvogel, however, firing in his turn, brought down the last of the chamois, which seemed to be killed instantaneously, and laid stretched out inert on the stones.

"Quick! quick! Meinher Wilhelm," cried the hunter triumphantly. "As for mine, it is only necessary to pick him up, by yours—I have an idea that he will lead us to a long chase."

"By the three Kings! I am sure I wounded him badly," replied the young man, panting with emotion.

"Of course! but let us hasten after him. To think that if Heaven does not come to our aid, this superb animal will serve for the supper of some peasant in the valley! A nice piece of business that would be, Meinher Wilhelm!"

While speaking, the two hunters had directed their steps towards the spot where the dead chamois lay. Raubvogel did not take the trouble to look at his victim, but taking off his hunting-bag and his vest, he threw them over the animal, in order to keep away the eagles, who would otherwise attack it while they were away; then, preceding his companion, they made their way over the rocks in the direction in which the chamois had fled. The hunter walked along, bending over and examining the ground carefully for the blood-marks. "You aimed a little too high and too far in the rear, Meinher," said he

after an instant; "you hit the animal just above the hind shoulder; see, the mark of the blood is at the edge of the print of the hoof. However," he added after taking several steps, "even if the bone is not broken, the wound is none the less grave. He bleeds profusely, and the blood is red and frothy; there is another imprint of his foot, more bloody still. If his strength is exhausted, we have some chance of finding him; and you may yet be able to boast of your good fortune, Meinher Wilhelm. To get sight of a chamois so easily, to hit him at the first shot, and to carry him back with you is an excellent day's work for any hunter."

The perspective that Raubvogel presented to him animated Wilhelm very decidedly. His pale cheeks became tinted with a deep red. His eyes sparkled, and at the same time his strength seemed increased tenfold; he clambered over the rough rocks and made his way through the difficult passages with an ardor that the hunter was forced to temper.

But after they had traveled about a thousand yards, the latter began to show signs of impatience, and he began to hate the attention of the young man.

"What is the matter, Master Raubvogel?" said he. "Have you lost trace of our chamois? Do you think that he has strength enough left to escape us after all?"

"When the chamois takes the trouble to mark in bloody letters the path he has taken, Raubvogel does not lose trace of him. The animal you wounded has not five minutes more to run, he will fall on his legs like a man who has taken too much beer. Look at the imprint on this sand, and see how he struggled to maintain his equilibrium. But, in spite of all that, the rest concerns only your importance, and we never shall have the pleasure of regaling ourselves on your venison."

"And why not, if you please?" "Because he has gone straight to the Valley of Bode; because he has risked a leap over three miles long, and because, like all those who have attempted it before him, he is at this moment in the gulf. He will be eaten by the fishes of the water, instead of by the eagles of the mountain; for us he is none the less lost."

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great cleft which you see before you opened between the Princess and her pursuers. The latter stopped short: the Burggrave alone, intoxicated with love and with rage, burying his spurs into the sides of his courser, tried to leap over the abyss. The spirit of the animal was so great that he gave a tremendous bound, touching the stone with his fore feet, making the marks you will see here; but he fell back, horse and rider were swallowed up in the gulf which since that time has been called the Rosstrapp."

"And the Princess?" demanded Wilhelm, who had listened with interest to the legend of the chamois hunter.

"She was never seen afterward, either here or elsewhere, and it is supposed that the devil, who does not have such a windfall every day, did not delay in claiming the victim who gave herself to him. But a few days after, a herdman, who was drawn by curiosity to the edge of the crevice, perceived the distance down, the crown that the Princess wore; it was hanging on a projecting stone. The King of the forest, who was accompanied by four herdsmen of the neighborhood, who brought a great quantity of rope. One end of it was tied around a firm rock, the other was let down the precipice. The hunter, who was waiting at the bottom, the bottom; then kneeling, he made a short prayer, and carrying only his iron staff to protect himself against the sharp stones to which he was exposed by the swaying of the rope, he resolutely descended into the abyss."

Lying down and bending over the edge of the Rosstrapp, the assistants saw him go down, and soon lost sight of him in the heavy mist which rose from the bottom of the gulf; the movement of the rope above indicated that he was still continuing, and that the courageous mountaineer had not reached his objective point. At length the rope became motionless, and the quarter of an hour which followed was full of anguish for the watchers. Raubvogel had the end thereof in his hand, and he had still to explore the bed of the torrent, the depth of which he was ignorant. All the faces were deadly pale, all the mouths remained mute. Prince Wilhelm, who was remounting with an astonishing moved about in a feverish anxiety, which was plainly to be seen in his changed and almost haggard appearance.

But now a shout of triumph was heard above the Rosstrapp, and the King and his attendants soon responded. The rope began to sway away.

The five men, their eyes fixed on the sombre curtain of mist which concealed the lower part of the abyss, for a time could distinguish nothing; but at the end of a few minutes, they saw an indistinct form which became more and more defined; it was he whom but a short time before they had believed lost. Raubvogel, who was remounting with an astonishing moved about in a feverish anxiety, which was plainly to be seen in his changed and almost haggard appearance.

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This enthusiastic homage on the part of Raubvogel caused a gleam of satisfaction to pass over the face of the young Prince. When the hunter had disappeared behind the rocks, he walked up and down by the side of the Rosstrapp, gazing sometimes at the yawning gulf beneath his feet, sometimes at the clear blue sky of the horizon. What was passing in the mind of this young man for whom fortune reserved such a strange destiny, when fate was going to place on a throne to which he had no right to pretend, and who, later, with no other merit than good sense united to a firmness almost bordering on obstinacy, was to be the Emperor of a united Germany, and the leader of her victorious armies? He was too narrowly religious to be without superstition; and perhaps the idea of seeing in his hands the crown, to the possessor of which, the popular belief gave the government of an immense country, divided at that moment among twenty different scepters, occupied a prominent place in the vague and confused aspirations of Prince Wilhelm.

Raubvogel soon returned, accompanied by four herdsmen of the neighborhood, who brought a great quantity of rope. One end of it was tied around a firm rock, the other was let down the precipice. The hunter, who was waiting at the bottom, the bottom; then kneeling, he made a short prayer, and carrying only his iron staff to protect himself against the sharp stones to which he was exposed by the swaying of the rope, he resolutely descended into the abyss."

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But now a shout of triumph was heard above the Rosstrapp, and the King and his attendants soon responded. The rope began to sway away.

He was found sitting composed in the tomb, and by no means so much agitated as was any one of those who were looking for him. He explained the accident, his shrieks for assistance and then his relapse into a calm and philosophical consideration of the circumstances. He knew that no one could hear him call, but he felt that the active brains of his friends would seek him out, and that sooner or later he would be liberated.—*New York Mercury.*

BUDDHIST FOLK LORE.

King Kusa had received from Sakra, the chief of the gods, a jewel, which was octagonal in shape, and he used to wear it suspended by a string, which had been miraculously passed through the center, notwithstanding the eight bendings or angles, from one end to the other. The jewel had descended to King Wadeda, but the string by which it was suspended had become decayed and rotten, and no man knew how to pass a string through the centre by reason of the eight bendings of the jewel. Now, King Wadeda wished to wear the jewel, and so he sent it to the villagers of the eastern village, where the pandit dwelt, and bade them take out the old decayed string from the interior part of the jewel, and replace it with a new string throughout, and the jewel might be hung, as before, from the King's neck. But these villagers were not able either to take out the old string or to put the new string in its stead. So Mahasudha, knowing their trouble, sent for them, and telling them not to concern themselves with the matter, ordered them to bring him a little honey. He then smeared some drops of honey in the holes at the two ends of the jewel, and having twisted a new string of woolen thread, he dipped the end thereof in honey and pushed it a short distance into the hole of the jewel, and placed it in an ant hole from which the ants were coming out. But the ants issuing forth from the ant hole, by reason of the smell of the honey, ate up the old thread which had rotted in the jewel, and taking in their mouths the end of the woolen thread which had been dipped in the honey, dragged it underneath and brought it out at the other side. When the pandit found that the string had been passed through the jewel, he gave it to the villagers and bade them present it to the King. The people of the village sent it to the King, and when he heard the device by means of which the string had been pulled through the jewel he was greatly pleased.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

BISMARCK'S COURAGE.

It was in 1866, Bismarck—then Count Bismarck—was returning from the Palace, where he had been to see the King. While passing through the large street of Berlin called Unter den Linden, and quite near the place where Hoedel and Nobbling have since attacked the life of King William, he suddenly heard a shot fired close behind him. He turned sharply round and saw a young man who, with a smoking revolver

The People's Press.

LOCAL ITEMS.

NEW CORN 40 cents.
WHITE WASH is being applied.
HEAVY FROST is nipping vegetation.
PARTRIDGE shooting is in season now.

FRESH PORK, retail price, 8 and 9 cents a pound. 6 cents by the cwt.
THE town boys speak of getting up a shooting match.

COURT WEEK—a large crowd in attendance.

S. T. MICKEY and family have gone to Mt. Airy.

THE military returned Saturday morning from the Fair.

An infant child of Mr. J. H. Masten, died in Winston, of diphtheria, Tuesday.

MUSICAL SOCIETY practice Tuesday and Saturday night.

THE Mineral Spring culvert is about completed.

REGULAR schedule upon our Rail Road this week.

Rev. Dr. MAYS discoursed in the Baptist Church Sunday morning and evening.

"OLD BOREAS," unpleasantly chilly, was in the rampage Friday and Saturday.

BUGGIES.—At Mr. White's establishment in Winston, good Buggies can be had at from \$80 to \$100.

THE health of our worthy neighbor, A. Butner, of the Salem Hotel, is improving rapidly.

Sorghum mills still on the run. Excellent home manufactured molasses can be had.

NEARLY every week we record thieving in or about town. Bull-dog and shotgun applications are needed.

SATURDAY the teachers of Public Schools meet at the Court-House to organize a County Teachers' Association.

THE ladies have lots of twittering in and about the millinery shops, these days. Time for new hats, you know.

AT Mrs. DOUTHIT'S another nice lot of ladies' CLOAKS and Shetland Wool SHAWLS.

AN infant child of Mr. P. Dalton, of Winston, was interred in the cemetery Sunday afternoon.

CORN HUSKING SONGS are becoming frequent. The crops of this section are generally good.

THE ladies are eager for a County Fair and already speak of their work towards the exhibit.

A NEW millinery and ladies' furnishing store, has been opened at R. A. Jenkin's old stand.

A DROVE of horses, some fine looking animals among them, passed through town, Tuesday.

THE Internal Revenue investigation trial is going on and that's all we know. 'Tis a strictly "private" affair.

HIDE your straw hats and light apparel. Something more substantial in vogue at present.

SOMEBODY shot a pig, the property of Uncle Charley Morris, just beyond the creek, a few nights since. It was a very uncleaned for net.

A BIG MEETING at Mt. Tabor church, and also at Red Bank, Sunday. A protracted service is in progress at the latter named place.

PLANTATION FOR SALE.—A plantation of 105 acres, half woodland, within two miles of Winston. Enquire at this office.

THE I. O. G. Templars will give an entertainment at Tise's Hall in a few weeks. Several excellent temperance plays are to be given.

SUPERIOR COURT, His Honor, Judge Graves, presiding. No cases of importance have been decided as yet. Judge Graves gives general satisfaction.

OUR young friend Samuel Person is at present engaged reading law under His Honor, Judge Baxton. Success "Judge Sammy" in thy aspirations.

STREET MCADAMIZING is being carried on quite extensively now by order of the Winston Commissioners with Wm. Barrow, Esq., as the "boss."

SOMETHING very much desired by the young ladies, boys, is another pleasure party. How about it? Can you not gratify the fair damsels?

MAYOR A. B. GORRELL, of Winston was elected Major of the 1st Battalion of the State Guards at the Fair.

Dr. Robah F. Gray has been appointed by the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, an Assistant Surgeon General of the State Guards.

If you want to buy a "possum" dog, don't tell your boy friends of it. They'll send you every old cur that comes along. Isn't that so? And he answers "You bet!" and blandly smiles.

THE New Garden Fair will be held to-day, [Thursday,] the 24th. Every effort has been made to make the occasion present its wonted attractiveness. The exhibit will be larger than ever before except in the fruit department.

SALEM cannot be surpassed in educational facilities. There are in session 5 private Schools and a District School for the white and one for the colored children. All can boast of a fair attendance the present term.

THE Winston Amateur Minstrels anticipate giving another performance next week. The troupe have recently purchased a Grand Waters piano, 7 octave, and are desirous of raising funds for payment of the same.

Two of the Light Infantry boys when about starting home from the Fair, got into a little melee at the Raleigh depot. Report first had it a serious affair. But it wasn't. Only playing soldier you know.

HOUDANS!—HOUDANS!—A Houdan rooster and hens, and young cocks and pullets for sale, at 50 cents apiece. These fowls are excellent layers. Enquire at this office.

FROM THE WEST.—We notice among us again Zach. Watson, Henry Watson, Wm. Brendle and wife and Thomas Cook. They are visiting their former homes, having removed to Indiana some years since.

We took a drive through Waughtown, Sunday, and found the village much improved in appearance. A number of the residences have been re-modeled in a very neat and tasty manner, and in its inhabitants we always find a clever and social-disposed people.

TAKE good care of the little folks, and guard against diphtheria, which is lurking about. Several dear little buds have been fatally visited by the malady in our sister town Winston during the past few weeks, and the utmost care has, we are pleased to say been taken, with success, to prevent its spreading.

THE Greenback Advocate, an imposition in the journalistic world, published at rates far below cost, fails at times to reach many of its subscribers here. And no wonder, when the postage very near covers the subscription price of the sheet. Not much reliance to be put in cheap publications.

Dr. S. MARTIN, a former citizen of this place, now living in Winston, comes to the front with a patent pumping apparatus, an ingenious invention. The Dr. proposes to perform double the work of the ordinary pump and is at present engaged completing a perfect model.—We will give a full description when completed.

A smile illumined her handsome face, As she left S. H. Smith's Drug place; And in her hand she carried a set Of useful articles for her toilet. The reason why she did smile so, Was because Smith sold her the set so low.

We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. J. E. Mickey. He is well known as an energetic business man, and he offers to the public the largest and cheapest lot of Cooking Stoves ever exhibited here before. Go and see for yourselves, and get the best for the least money.

An effort is afloat among the colored people to divide the District School.—There is at present but one School for the children of both towns, in session in the building beyond the creek. Meetings are being held to that effect, and how the colored brethren will settle the matter remains to be seen. Farabee, the colored divine, urges the proposition as he wishes the position of teacher in the new district. An axe to grind, &c.

SUNDAY, several Sabbath Schools and a goodly number of friends assembled at the Waughtown Church, spending a portion of the day in singing, &c. We were there a portion of the afternoon, and listened to several beautiful airs well rendered by the Schools. Rev. E. Rondthaler, upon invitation, came out about 3:30 p. m. and addressed the congregation. It was truly a pleasant Sabbath spent and all present heartily expressed a wish for an early repetition of so harmonious a gathering.

SURETY COURT.—Important cases.—State vs. George Wetherly—Horse stealing—found guilty; seven years in the penitentiary.

State vs. Sidney Matthews and Frank Humphreys—Murder—found guilty of manslaughter; Matthews 12 months and Humphreys 18 months in the penitentiary. Appeal taken.

State vs. Amos Bryan—Murder—found guilty of manslaughter; five years in the penitentiary.

State vs. James Collins—Assault with intent to kill—pleaded guilty; plea overruled and defendant bound over.—Visitor.

A fight occurred at the Hardware Store of S. E. Allen, in Winston, the other day, between a Mr. High Price and his cousin, Mr. Low Price. Mr. Allen, who is in favor of quick sales and short profits, interfered and kicked High Price out, and still continues to sell Hardware and Stoves cheaper than any house in the State.

THE SHOOTING MATCH at Jim Shutt's Saturday, was, as we predicted, a "big occasion." A beef, one of those large kind, weighing one hundred to the quarter, was the stake. So eager were the sportsmen, that night came on and lamp-light shooting was indulged in. The lucky marksmen were Jerry Hauser, col., Wes. Fries, col., John Chaffin, col., A. Sides, col., Mr. James Shutt, and last but not least on the list, "Uncle Billy," who has a hundred weight of fresh beef more in his larder now, for winter feasting.

WE learn from the Lynchburg (Va.) News that a white man named Harrison Poe, claiming to hail from Salem, N. C., was arrested in that city on Friday last, charged with stealing a steer. The Mayor ordered him to receive thirty-nine lashes with a cowhide, which were duly administered.—Goldboro Messenger.

There was a boy by the name of Henry Poe, living in Waughtown, 3 miles east of Salem, who left home some time since and was last heard from in Virginia. It may be the same fellow.

LEWIS YOKELY, col., is the individual who so unceremoniously entered E. A. Ebert's store. The culprit was caught near Lewisville, Saturday night, by officer Chas. Stockton, accompanied by W. G. Bahnon, with several neighbors. The prisoner was tried before J. W. Fries, Esq., who bound him over in a bond of \$500, and giving no bail, went to board with A. Bevel. The coat Yokely wore, by a scrap in possession of Mr. Ebert, is supposed to be the one stolen from Wesley Rominger, noticed last week, and it is thought that several thefts from stores near Lewisville and in Winston, were committed by this fellow.

SOME unknown person or persons set fire to a straw stack near the barn of Harrison Reed, a few miles from town, Thursday evening. Mr. Reed was away from home at the time, and his family seeing the flames went out to try to extinguish them. Thinking that probably this was done to leave the dwelling-house free for pillage, they returned and found that effort had been made to break open a bureau drawer, where money was usually kept. The thief seeing them returning made good his escape. Nothing was taken. Twice has this occurred, at the same place, and evidently by some one who seems familiar with the locality. The neighbors kindly assisted in keeping the fire from the barn and other outbuildings. Nothing was burned but two straw stacks.

THE YADKIN SURVEY.—From the Charlotte Observer we learn that a party of gentlemen belonging to the U. S. Survey Service, Messrs. S. W. Evans, M. D. Paschall, Fred. C. Fisher, Ed. F. Taggart and S. Barr, passed through that city last Saturday, on their way to Wilkesboro, from which point they will commence the survey of the Yadkin river to the bridge below Salisbury, a distance of about 130 miles, after the completion of which they will proceed to Dan river, commencing at Danbury, in Stokes county, and survey that to Clarksville, Va., about 150 miles, and then to Roanoke Station on the Staunton river, on R. & D. R. R., and go to Brook Neal, Campbell county, a distance of 50 miles.

Proceedings of the Sunday-School Convention at Waughtown.

In response to an invitation issued to all the Sunday Schools in Forsyth county to send delegates to a Convention to be held in Waughtown, Saturday, October 19th, the representatives of a number of Schools assembled in the church at 10 A. M.

At 10:30 Mr. W. H. Shepperd explained the object of the Convention as being an effort to arrive at the best possible mode of conducting Sunday School work in our county, and to create a deeper interest, both among the young and old, in this glorious cause.

The Convention then proceeded to organize by electing S. H. Everett Chairman, F. D. L. Messer and Byron L. Spangh, Secretaries, after which the Chairman read the 12th chapter of Ecclesiastes and B. L. Spangh invoked the Divine aid and blessing upon the deliberations of the Convention.

At the request of the Chair, the Secretaries proceeded to enroll the names of the delegates present, from which it was ascertained that the Sunday School at Waughtown, Eden Chapel, Salem, Elm Street (Salem) Baptist, Methodist, Episcopal and Moravian Schools of Winston, Cold Spring, New Friendship, Pleasant Fork, Friedberg, Bethel, Kernersville M. E. and the Baptist school at Clemmonsville were represented.

On motion of W. H. Shepperd, a committee of six was appointed to prepare a programme of various topics for discussion in the afternoon session.

The Chair appointed the following delegates as such Committee: Rev. Prof. Trawick, Rev. J. C. Patterson, B. L. Spangh, E. A. Ebert and W. H. Shepperd.

On motion the Chair was added, making a committee of six.

On motion of W. C. Clodfelter a committee of three was appointed to secure the services of some minister to preach before the Convention on the following day (Sunday).

The Chair appointed delegates W. C. Clodfelter, S. A. Hoge and F. D. L. Messer such committee.

On motion of E. A. Ebert, the Convention adjourned to meet at 1 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention assembled in the church at 1 o'clock, P. M.

The Secretaries called the roll and added the names of several new members.

The report of the Committee on Topics for Discussion was then submitted as follows:
I. What is the real object of a Sunday School?
II. What is the best mode of conducting a Sabbath School?
III. How can a teacher best interest his class?
IV. What are the needful qualifications of a Sunday School teacher?
V. What is the best method of sustaining a Sunday School treasury?
VI. How can parents be induced to take a lively interest in the Sunday School cause?

These topics were then taken up separately for discussion and were argued by Revs. Trawick, Patterson and Rondthaler and B. L. Spangh, E. A. Ebert and J. T. Lineback, who endeavored in their remarks to elevate the standard of Sunday School work, and to create a deeper and more lively interest in the noble cause.

At 4 P. M. the Chairman called on the Committee on Service, who reported that Rev. Edward Rondthaler, pastor of the Moravian church at Salem had been secured to preach on the following day at 3 o'clock.

A resolution was then passed that a copy of the proceedings of this convention be sent to the various county papers for publication.

The exercises of the day having been closed with a fervent prayer by Rev. Edward Rondthaler, on motion, the Convention adjourned.

S. H. EVERETT, Chairman.
B. L. SPAUGH, } Secretaries.
F. D. L. MESSER, }

An Astonishing Fact.
A large portion of the American people are to-day dying from the effects of dyspepsia or disordered liver. The result of these diseases upon the masses of intelligent and valuable people is most alarming, making life actually a burden instead of a pleasant existence of enjoyment and usefulness as it ought to be. There is no good reason for this, if you will only throw aside prejudice and skepticism, take the advice of Druggists and your friends, and try one bottle of Green's August Flower. Your speedy relief is certain. Millions of bottles of this medicine have been given away to try its virtues, with satisfactory results in every case. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents. Three doses will relieve worst case. Positively sold by all Druggists on the Western Continent.

MARRIED.
In this county, recently, Mr. SAMUEL YOKELY, aged 78, to a Miss TACKLE.

DIED.
In this vicinity, on Tuesday last, Mr. WILLIAM GIBBINS, aged about 59 years. His remains were conveyed to and interred at Friedland on Wednesday. He was a well-known citizen.

On Saturday last, Mrs. NANCY SPAUGH, consort of Christian Spangh, of Broad-bay township, aged about 70 years.

Near Oak Ridge, in Guilford county, on October 10th, Mr. JAMES MCCOUSTON, being one among the last of the old soldiers of the war of 1812, aged 82 years and 7 days.

In this county, on Friday last, Mr. ALFRED HAMPTON, aged 61 years, 10 months and 3 days.

THE MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
PATTERSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS.

PRODUCE.
Wheat, \$1.00 to \$1.10; Old corn, 56 to 60; New corn, 60; Rye, 50 to 55; Oats, 30; Flaxseed, \$1.00; Feathers, (new) 40; Butter 124 to 135; Eggs, 10; Beeswax, 21 to 24; Flour, \$2.50 to \$3.00; Meal, per lb., 14c; Bacon, Western Sides, 8 to 84; Home Sides, 8; Hams, 10; Shoulders, 7; Lard, 9 to 10; Chickens, 124 to 135.
DRIED FRUIT.
Blackberries, 44; Cherries, 124 to 134; Apples, 3 to 5; Unpared Apples, 2 to 4; Unpared Quarters 2. Choice Pared Peaches 84; Damsons, 9.
STAPLE GOODS.
Sugars, Brown 24 to 28; White, 104 to 124; Coffee, Rio, 15 to 19; Extra Fancy, 20; Yarns, 90; Sheetting 64 to 74; Plaids, 84 to 9; Soda, 5; Kerosene Oil, per gallon, 18; Syrup, per gallon, 25; Salt, per sack, \$1.10 to \$1.15, 21 to 25, \$1.90.
The above represents wholesale prices. Retail prices are higher, except for salt.

Winston Tobacco Market.

Lugs, Dark \$1.50 to \$2.50
Good 2 00 to 3 00
Fine 3 00 to 4 00
Smokers Common 3 50 to 4 50
Good 5 00 to 6 00
Fine 7 00 to 10 00
Red Leaf Common 2 50 to 3 00
Good 3 50 to 5 00
Fine 7 00 to 10 00
Bright Wrappers, Common 10 00 to 12 00
Good 15 00 to 20 00
Fine 25 00 to 40 00
Fancy 50 00 to 75 00

STOVES-STOVES-STOVES!



THE UNDERSIGNED has the largest and most complete assortment of
COOKING STOVES
ever offered in this market and at greatly
REDUCED PRICES.

Stove Pipes and Fixtures
always on hand.

ROOFING AND GUTTERING
promptly attended to. A general
assortment of

TIN WARE,
Wholesale and Retail, always to be found at
the "BIG COFFEE POT." Prices to suit
the times.

J. E. MICKEY.
Salem, N. C., Oct. 24, 1878.

VEGETINE.

Rev. J. P. LUDLOW, writes:
178 BALTIMORE STREET, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Nov. 14, 1874.

H. R. STEVENS, Esq.,
Dear Sir:—From personal benefit received by its use, as well as from personal knowledge of those whose cures thereby have seemed almost miraculous, I can heartily and sincerely recommend the VEGETINE for the complaints which it is claimed to cure.

JAMES P. LUDLOW,
Late Pastor Calvary Baptist Church,
Sacramento, Cal.

VEGETINE SHE RESTS WELL.

SOUTH POLAND, Me., Oct. 11, 1876.
MR. STEVENS:—I have been sick two years with the liver complaint, and during that time have taken a great many different medicines, but none of them did me any good. I was restless at night, and had no appetite. Since taking the VEGETINE I rest well and sleep my food. Can recommend the VEGETINE for what it has done for me.

Yours respectfully, Mrs. ALBERT RICKER.
Witness of the above,
Mr. GEORGE M. VANDERHART,
Medford, Mass.

VEGETINE GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN.

BOSTON HOME, 14 TYLER STREET,
Boston, April, 1876.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:—We feel that the children in our home have been greatly benefited by the VEGETINE you have so kindly given us from time to time, especially those troubled with the Scrofula.

Mrs. N. WORMELL, Matron.
Formerly Pastor Bowdoin-square Church,
Boston, Mass.

VEGETINE NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

SOUTH SALEM, Mass., Nov. 14, 1876.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:—I have been troubled with Scrofula, Canker, and Liver Complaint for three years. Nothing ever did me any good until I commenced using the VEGETINE. I am now getting along first-rate, and still using the VEGETINE. I consider there is nothing equal to it for such complaints.

Can heartily recommend it to everybody.
Yours truly,
Mrs. LIZZIE M. PACKARD,
No. 16 Lagrange Street, South Salem, Mass.

VEGETINE Recommended it Thoroughly.

DEAR SIR:—I have taken several bottles of your VEGETINE, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint, and General Debility of the system. I can heartily recommend it to all sufferers from the above complaints.

Yours respectfully,
Mrs. MURDOCK PARKER.

VEGETINE Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

New Advertisements.

PIANOS AND ORGANS AT FACTORY PRICES.
Great Reduction to close present stock of 200 New and Second-hand Instruments of first-class makers, fully warranted, and at prices that DEFY COMPETITION, for cash or installments.

WANTED for WATERS' SUPERIOR BELL ORGANS and PIANOS. Illustrated Catalogues Mailed. HORACE WATERS & SONS, Manufacturers and Dealers, 40 East 14th st., N. Y. Also General Agts. for SHONINGERS' Celebrated Organs.

SWEET CHEWING JACKSON'S BEST
Awarded highest prize at Centennial Exposition for its superior quality and its pleasant and lasting character. The use of this tobacco is a healthy habit, and its use is a recommendation of its quality. It is sold by all dealers in tobacco.

PIANO Beautiful Sq. Grand Pianos, price \$1,000, only \$275. Elegant Upright Pianos, price \$500, only \$175. Pianos 7 octave, \$125, 5 octave \$75. Church Organs, 16 stops, price \$300, only \$115. Organ 10 stops, price \$150, only \$50.

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THE BEST STOCK OF
FALL AND WINTER GOODS
AT **MRS. DOUTHIT'S.**
A LARGE LOT OF LADIES' AND MISSES' FALL AND WINTER SUITS.
A FINE LOT OF LADIES' CLOAKS.

Having opened a new and splendid assortment of Goods in my line, I offer them at such prices as will bring them within the means of all to purchase the LATEST STYLES OF NEW FALL AND WINTER

Hats and Bonnets, Sashes, Ribbons, French and American Flowers, Laces and Edgings, Ruffs and Ruffling.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
LADIES' TIES, LINEN AND LACE COLLARS,
KID & BERLIN GLOVES, BRAIDS & SWITCHES, HOSIERY & CORSETS,
NOTIONS.

COLGATE'S FINE TOILET SOAPS, and many other articles in my line. Also Silver Spray Cologne and Lumborg's Perfumes always on hand.

A lot of best twilled SILK PARASOLS and SUN PROTECTORS, SHETLAND WOOL FRINGE, &c., &c.

Mrs. Douthit returns thanks for the very liberal encouragement received, and hopes to be able to please her friends and the public, in future.

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